

TRUE LOVE.

A hasty making,
A doubtful waiting,
Then downright loving—
This is not love.

An hour of gladness,
A year of sadness,
A life of madness—
This is not love.

A cold neglecting,
Or more respecting;
No warmth expecting—
This is not love.

But deep confiding,
And faith abiding,
Time's trial deserving—
This is not love.

When hope is broken,
Friendless forsaken,
One life is unshaken—
Ah! that is love.

—Charles L. Hildrath.

SUICIDAL.

"I'm going to trust you," said Neal to his friend, Cuthbert Rolyn, as they sat chatting and smoking away the evening in the latter's room.

"Thank you; for how much?"

"Pray be serious, Cuth. I'm not joking."

"Delighted to hear it!" the other answered. "I'm as glad as pie-crust at present, and a small loan—"

"Hang it all! can't you stop chaffing and let a fellow finish?"

"Well, go ahead; only make it for as much and for as long a time as possible."

"I am going to trust you with a secret," said Neal, headless of the badinage—"a very great secret. Will you promise to keep it?"

"For anything short of helping to conceal a murder, I'm your man," said Cuthbert, sending forth a puff that formed itself into a ring, widening as it floated round Neal's head like a misty halo.

"I'm going to trust you with a secret," said Neal, headless of the badinage—"a very great secret. Will you promise to keep it?"

"You're sure you can keep a secret?" he said, recovering his breath.

"Try me."

"Read these. They'll explain all." And Neal Guthrie placed in Cuthbert's hand a well-worn packet of letters.

Why aren't lovers' epistles always written on parchment, they have to be thumbed and read over so often? At the first letter Cuthbert opened he found such a flow of tender, glowing sentiment as could only have been written by a young lady very much in love. At the end it was subscribed "Your loving Ellen."

Yes—it was surely that of Ellen Laing, Neal's cousin, and Cuthbert's own engaged sweetheart!

Cuthbert Rolyn's face was troubled, and his hand trembled as he turned another unopened and read the letter. They grew more and more endearing; and the last one accepted, with becoming hesitancy, "Dearest Neal," propositioned to elope and get married on the following Thursday. The lady's relatives, it seemed, lacked due appreciation of that gentleman's perfections; hence this resort to stratagem.

"Isn't she a trump?" said Neal, rubbing his hands with glee.

Cuthbert growled something—whether it was to the effect that there was less trump than trumpery in the case, wasn't quite distinguishable—and hurried off before Neal had time to request the honor of his presence at a certain obscure little church on the day named in "Loving Ellen's" letter.

So very gleeful was Neal Guthrie that it was some time after Cuthbert left before he could cease laughing.

"By Jove, it's glorious!" he exclaimed, and then broke into another guffaw, followed by another, till out of breath at last, he held his sides from sheer exhaustion. He was evidently too full of his own bravado to notice or heed Cuthbert Rolyn's discomfort, and, mayhap, had never heard of the latter's attachment to his cousin.

When Neal went down to breakfast next morning he found on his plate a letter which had just been left.

"By Jove, it's glorious!" he said, glancing at the superscription, and uttering the ejaculation he had been repeating at short intervals ever since his interview with Cuthbert.

The letter was a short note in the latter's hand, and signed with his initials.

If you care sufficiently for an old friend, it is, and can spare time enough from his contemplation of your own happiness to have the lady dragged for his body, perhaps you won't think it too much to do so. But don't put yourself out, pray—and least of all your "Loving Ellen"—on my account."

Neal Guthrie sprang up, upsetting his coffee and the cup into which he had just broken two soft-boiled eggs, and overturning his chair with a crash, to the general discomposure of the board, and his landlady's great displeasure, rushed out, never stopping till he reached the lake at the border of the town.

He had skirted it but a little way, when, lying on a jutting rock concealed by a thick growth of bushes, at the base of which the water was more than twenty feet deep, he found an old coat which he had often seen Cuthbert wear, and a little way out, tossed to and fro by the wind, floated a straw-lut, just the one Cuthbert had on the day before.

Neal's face turned ashen pale, and he shook like a man in an ague.

"Poor Cuth!" he wailed, piteously. "Oh, I never dreamed it would come to this!"

Then he flew to find the coroner, and with him and a troop of horror-stricken followers, returned to the lake. They dragged it from end to end, but only picked up an old rusty cannon. Then they got out an old rusty cannon, and had seen service under Old Hickory at New Orleans and had smashed the windows of the town every Fourth of July since.

"Give him a few gall-busters from

that," said Steve Kidder, the village oracle, "and if it don't hit 'im, nothin' else will."

But it didn't. "Hut him!" for, though round about round was fired, up, down, and across, it was only so much powder wasted.

"Dod blamed if he ben't the most stubbornest corpse I ever seed!" said Steve Kidder, turning away disgusted. Neal's face was rufousness itself as he started to tell the news to Ellen Laing.

"How can I ever break it to her?" he said as he reached the door.

For some reason he seemed apprehensive that Ellen would take it particularly hard.

"Oh! Ellen! Ellen!" he exclaimed, when they met—"have you heard it?"

"The news—the dreadful news! Cuthbert Rolyn's gone and drowned himself!"

Ellen didn't faint, didn't shriek, didn't do anything he had counted on. Maybe she was too stunned.

Neal, like one anxious to get through a heartrending scene, hurried on.

"You know those old letters of grand-ma to grandpa before they ran away together? You remember there was no name to them, and grandpa's name was Neal, like mine, and grandpa's was Ellen, the same as yours; and she wrote a hand that couldn't be told from your own. Well, for a lark, yesterday I showed them to Cuthbert as if confiding to him to be important personal secrets."

"Oh! don't!—don't!" pleaded Neal, starting back appalled. "Heavens!—she has lost her wits!"

"Dear you, don't we've punished him enough?" said Cuthbert Rolyn, entering from an adjoining room, and laughing as wildly as Ellen.

"You see," he added, turning to Neal, "I wasn't quite fool enough to go and drown myself without first seeking an explanation from Ellen. I guess you know the rest."

SELLING SHOES.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SPLIT AND PRUSSIAN LEATHER.

If it is any price, who can afford to keep them, Rube Hoffman, who keeps a clothing and shoe store in a man.

A few days ago a customer entered his establishment and inquired—

"Have you any low quarter gaiters?"

"Certainly, my friend. I have any style you wish, and something dirt by the seat."

"Well, my friend, I'll put a little bow on 'em. Now, what do you say to that?"

"It is just what I need. I'll take a pair of them. I'll take a pair of them."

"All right," replied the customer. "I'll take a pair of them. I'll take a pair of them."

"Now, what do you say to that?"

"It is just what I need. I'll take a pair of them. I'll take a pair of them."

"All right," replied the customer. "I'll take a pair of them. I'll take a pair of them."

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FARM TOPICS.

Salicylic acid has been administered to his cattle by a German cattle farmer named Kiedler during the last few years, and the fact that the animals have escaped the contagious diseases which have afflicted other herds in the same district, leads to the inference that the salicylic acid has exercised a preventive influence.

The vegetation on Sable island, on the coast of Nova Scotia, which is literally one great sand bank, is extraordinary. Besides several kinds of grass, there are wild peas and other plants affording sustenance to between 400 and 500 wild horses, and an immense variety of birds and rabbits, besides the domestic cattle kept for the supply of the government establishment placed there for the succor of crews cast upon the island in constant wrecks off the coast. Strawberries and cranberries abound, and the crop of hay exceeds a hundred tons annually.

A good ox should have a long, lean face, and bright hazel eyes, which shows capability to receive without undue disposition to obey. Large nostrils denote the capability of the ox to work on a hot day, very large horns at the base denote laziness. Full breasts, straight back, wide ribs, which is meant the ribs that round out the chest, and wide hip bones—and wide gambrils are evidences of strength. Straight knees show that an ox can travel on hard road or pavement. They should be well stretched, especially in disposition and speed. Since the universal horse has taken the place of the ox on the farm to such a great extent, but little attention is given to the selection of good oxen.—*Exchange.*

But few plants are so tenacious of life as the weeds. A weed grows up rapidly, and keeps life in them, without a top, as long as any plant we know. If the land can be plowed and planted a few years, it is not difficult to kill it by thorough cultivation. But if the land is so much overgrown with weeds that it can be destroyed only by persistent effort, unless salt enough is supplied to kill all other vegetation, which in few instances would be desirable. If this salt is to be secured, the weeds must be killed by hand-pulling; it pulls very easy, the root breaking off; it pulls to three or four inches below the surface; to kill them in this way, the ground must be gone over, at least once a week, and every sprout that can be seen pulled up, and the work must be continued until cold weather, as one season is not sufficient to kill them. The work must be renewed in the spring, before the second season begins the work will be accomplished, as it has been.

This plant on his premises should commence the work of destruction at once and cease not his efforts until the work of destruction is complete.—*Ploverman.*

Hitherto the abundance of natural timber has been a source of wealth to the people of this country, but the demand for special woods for special manufacturing purposes is steadily and rapidly increasing, while the natural supply is diminishing and must ultimately become quite inadequate. Meantime the time has come when it is no longer suitable for timber culture and nothing else, except poor pasturage, that our landowners are allowing to lie waste and idle for the lack of a little forethought. The safest plan, provided there is no chandler, is the middle of the room. It is better for the inhabitants of a house not to crowd together during the progress of a storm, because the air is in a condition of electricity, and when many men or animals are present, there will be an ascending current of vapor. It is probably that the lowest apartment of the house, or a place underground, is somewhat safer than those above, and several stories above the first floor.

When a person is struck down by lightning, relief will be afforded by pouring buckets of cold water on the head and limbs. The safest place, provided there is no chandler, is the middle of the room. It is better for the inhabitants of a house not to crowd together during the progress of a storm, because the air is in a condition of electricity, and when many men or animals are present, there will be an ascending current of vapor. It is probably that the lowest apartment of the house, or a place underground, is somewhat safer than those above, and several stories above the first floor.

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THUNDERSTORMS.

HOW TO AVOID BEING STRUCK.

Just now that there is, as people say, "so much thunder in the air," it may be useful to remind our readers of some precautions to be taken during the progress of a thunderstorm. A good deal of the alarm which is often felt on the approach of a thunderstorm might be spared if people remembered, that in no case is there any danger unless the storm is close at hand. There is a long interval between the lightning flash and the thunder peal, danger will not be long away off and people need not be so anxious even though the flash may be brilliant and the peal loud. What is to be done in an instant lightning? It is to be done if one is overtaken by a thunderstorm in the open air? It is generally known that it is unsafe to stand under a tree, but not so well known that it is equally dangerous during a thunderstorm, to seek the shelter of a lofty building not protected by a lightning-conductor. The safest plan is to stand about five or six feet from some tall tree; but, in the case of a single tree, a somewhat greater distance is preferable.

Do not run against the wind during a thunder storm, because in so running a person leaves a space behind, in which the air is, comparatively speaking, rarefied, and the lightning would be more likely to seek such a space for its track than a region in which the air is more dense.

It is not known if there is any foundation for the belief of the priests, that the protecting effects of seal-skin; but it is certain that the material and color of clothing are of some importance.

It is related that, during the celebration of mass, a church in France being assailed by a severe storm, the officiating priests were severely injured, while a third, who alone wore vestments ornamented with silk escaped. From this circumstance, and others of a like character, it has been inferred that silk attracts lightning. There is abundant evidence that one not wholly to be relied on by those who wear it. The proportion of men struck by lightning is so much greater than that of women, that the conclusion has been drawn that this is due to the darker line of the clothes of the former. This view would seem to be confirmed by the fact, that dark-colored animals are more likely to be struck by the electric current than those of lighter hue.

The most abundant evidence that large masses of metal near the person attract danger. Two men in a French village, who were ringing the church-bells, as is the custom during a thunderstorm in many parts of the country, were both struck and killed by the electric fluid.

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RAISING DATES.

FOOD THE ARAB DEPENDS ON.

The date tree requires not only abundant irrigation but great solar heat. The Arabs say that it stands with its feet in the water and its head in the fire of Heaven. The love of the Arab for the precious tree may well be imagined, growing as it does in the sand, contenting itself with water so saline as to destroy ordinary vegetation, giving a grateful shade when all around is burned up by the ardent heat of the sun, and the wick which cannot be burnt by a fire of such intensity, and which is not a fruit.

The male tree, of course, bears no fruit, and is truly a barren tree. The females have also bunches of flowers which, however, cannot become developed into fruit until fecundated by the motion of the male flower. To insure this result the female tree is planted in the month of April and inserted into every female-spathe a portion of the pollen of the male flower. The fruit then begins to swell and forms long, oval-shaped bunches, from twenty to thirty pounds, each tree producing from 100 to 200 pounds in a season. To multiply the date tree the Arabs do not sow the seed, as they could not then be sure of the date of the fruit; they prefer to plant the suckers from the base of a female tree, whence the name "Phoenix," these become productive in about eight years, but do not attain full fruit before twenty or twenty-five years. The trees are about four to five feet high, and as they are planted very close together they afford a dense shade, in which, however, the air circulates freely, so that all kinds of fruit vegetables, etc., can be cultivated beneath them. The trees will live for about 200 years; they are not worth preserving after a century. When they are no longer valuable for fruit the sap is extracted to make a kind of insipid wine, and the heart or cabbage of the tree is also eaten. They are then cut down and the wood, although very inferior in quality, is here valuable, where no other kind can be procured. The roots are used for fencing and roofing, and the bark is made into mats, baskets, sacks and cords.

Like all other species of cultivated plants, the date tree has numerous varieties. In the cases of the Zips, seventy distinct varieties are recognized. The trees are used for building in March or April, and the fruit is ripe about October. The one is called the King of the Sahara, and is regarded as the most nutritious of fruits. Many of the Arabs live on dates and bread.

A Detroit man who had business in a village in Washtenaw county drove out there in a buggy, and of course went to the inn for his dinner. The landlord made no inquiries until after the meal was over, and then he asked him if he had found opportunity to inquire.

"Were you going out to 'Squire Brown's' place?"

"I didn't know but you were a lightning-rod man, and I was going to see that the 'Squire' had threatened to shoot the next one on sight. We don't go much on them fellows around here, and I'm glad you are somebody else."

"I'm glad you are somebody else," said the landlord, "going over to Judge Hardy's to sell him some fruit trees for fall setting?"

"No."

"Well, that's lucky. Only yesterday a judge was remarking to me that the next fruit-tree agent who entered his gate would want a coffin. Fact is, I myself have got to do some kicking to pay for being swindled on grape vines. You are not a patent-right man, eh?"

"No."

"Well, that's a narrow escape for you. We've been swindled here on hay forks, cultivators, gates, pumps, churns and a dozen other things, and I'm keeping fifteen thousand dollars for you when the next patent-righter comes to face in this town. Perhaps you are a lecturer?"

